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A GLIMPSE OF FUTURE SEAS

(From a Picture by Henry E. Detmold, exhibited at the Royal Academy.)—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Such Gifts and Givers as God Loves.

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshipped in bungalows and old Dutch chapels, decided that they must have a house built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were eager to forward the new enterprise. But to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' schools at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in this world, but far more, it was her marriage portion, and in making the gift, in the eyes of every native, she renounced all hopes of being married. As this alternative in the East was regarded an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act of renunciation. 'No,' said Maria; 'I have given it to Jesus, and as He accepted it, you must.' And so to-day the first Christian house of worship in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

The deed was noised abroad, and came to the knowledge of a young theological student, who was also a beneficiary of the mission, and it touched his heart. Neither could he rest until he had sought and won the rare and noble maiden who was willing to give up so much in her Master's cause.

Some one in the United States had been for many years contributing twenty dollars annually for the support of this young native girl, but the donor was unknown. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time, longed to ascertain who was the faithful sower, and report the wonderful harvest.

Finding himself in Hanover, N.H., preaching to the students of Dartmouth College, he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated, 'Peabody; what Peabody?' 'Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here—the widow of the former professor,' was the answer. 'Oh! I must see her before I leave,' said the earnest man, about to continue his journey.

The first words after an introduction at her house were: 'I have come to bring you a glad report, for I cannot but think it is to you we, in Ceylon, owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She is exceptionally interesting, devotedly pious, and bears your name.'

'Alas!' said the lady, 'although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago, in Salem, Mass., she came to me, after an evening meeting, saying: 'I have just heard that if anybody would give twenty dollars a year they could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours. At that time,' continued the lady, 'a servant's wages ranged from a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month at the monthly concert for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving away so much for one in her circumstances, as the time might come when she could not earn. "I have thought it all over," she would reply, "and concluded that I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health, and cannot work, why, there is the poor house, and I can go there. You see they have no poor house in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor."'

In telling this story, Dr. Poor used to pause at this point, and exclaim: 'To the poor house. Do you believe God would ever let that good woman die in the poor house? Never!'

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborne, she was residing in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service, before a crowded house, he related, among missionary incidents, as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored America, has been developed, matured and well nigh eclipsed by her faithful protégé in far-off, benighted India. His heart glowed with zeal, and deeply stirred by the fresh retrospect of triumphs of the Gospel over heathenism, he exclaimed: 'If there is any one present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be greatly obliged.' The benediction pronounced, and the crowd dispersing, Dr. Poor passed down one of the aisles chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened steps he reached her, exclaiming, in tones of suppressed emotion:

'I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborne?'

'That is my name,' was the calm reply.

'Well, God bless you, Louisa; you have heard my report, and know all; but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer me one question. What made you do it?'

With downcast eyes, and in a low ,trembling voice, she replied:

'Well, I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus.'

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem; for the missionary returned to his adopted home, where, ere long, the loving hands of the faithful native brethren bore him to his honored grave. The humble handmaiden of the Lord labored meekly on awhile, and ended her failing days, not in a poor house, verily, but, through the efforts of those who knew her best, in a pleasant comfortable old ladies' home. 'Him that honoreth Me, I will honor.'—'Life and Light.'

Our Ways.

(By Kate S. Gates, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'You hurt Walter's feelings, speaking as you did,' I heard Helen say to Tom, reproachfully.

'I can't help that,' answered Tom, rather sharply. 'It's my way to say just what I think.'

'I am well aware of that,' answered Helen, 'but I have often thought that it was a poor way, and if I were you I would try to change it.'

'I cannot very well make myself over,' said Tom, stiffly.

'Then, I suppose, if it was a man's natural disposition to steal he must give up to it and take anything he happens to want?'

'That's different entirely, Helen. Why don't you girls talk sense?' and Tom walked off, as though anxious to end the conversation.

As for me, I wondered if we were not all inclined to feel that we are excusable for many of our short-comings because they are 'our way?'

What if it is natural for us to say just what we think, is it not often unkind? Is it always best?

You remember the story of the contest between the wind and sun? The wind thought to blow off a traveller's cloak, but the more he blustered, the harder he blew, the closer the man wrapped his garment about him.

Then the sun shone upon him, and soon the man put off not only his cloak but his coat.

There are times, certainly, when we must speak the plain, unvarnished truth, or be false to our best and highest self, but there are more times when a truth spoken gracefully and tactfully is far more effective and helpful. And as for our 'ways,' as Helen says, when they are not good ways it is much better to change them; it is our solemn duty, indeed. When a man buys a farm he does not say it is the natural way of this land to produce weeds, does he? No; he ploughs and enriches it, and sows good seed. The stronger the tendency to produce weeds, the more labor and pains he bestows upon it to insure a good crop. Ought it not to be so with us? The more faulty our ways and dispositions the more earnestly should we strive to change them.

I remember reading that among Mrs. Livingstone's papers was found this prayer: 'Take me as I am, and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be.'

Have we not all need to offer that prayer?

We can only bring ourselves as we are, but he, in his infinite love and power can make us what he would have us to be, if we will let him.

A Clergyman's Appreciation.

(To the Editor of the 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—I like the paper 'World Wide' extremely. In a country where so much is spent on literature, there cannot surely be any stern necessity for charging only two cents for such a paper as yours. It would doubtless be better to raise the price, and give it a more attractive look. I venture to think that the change would be acceptable to many readers.

Such an amount of good matter as appears in 'World Wide' should scarcely be published under five cents or ($2.50 per annum) at least, if not at a higher rate.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed), A. Anstey Dorrell.

St. Alban's Vicarage,

Ashcroft, B.C.

When the circulation of 'World Wide' has been largely increased and the advertising revenue becomes sufficiently large to warrant it, both the publishers and readers of 'World Wide' will have the pleasure of seeing it on better paper. The present paper, however, is better and the type larger than that used for the 'Witness.'—Editor.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 3, Sun.—Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

Nov. 4, Mon.—Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.

Nov. 5, Tues.—Be not afraid.

Nov. 6, Wed.—The Lord shall be thy confidence.

Nov. 7, Thur.—Withhold not good from them to whom it is due.

Nov. 8, Fri.—Devise not evil.

Nov. 9, Sat.—Enter not into the path of the wicked.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sarah Josepha's Cranberries.

(By Sophie Swett, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

Martha walked along the turnpike road, with the key of the Half-penny Cove school-house dangling from her belt. She always locked the school-house door with a sigh of relief, and she was glad now that the term ended in three days, although after that there was only the stocking factory to look forward to.

She hated school-teaching—at least, at Half-penny Cove, where the number of scholars varied from twelve to twenty, and the salary was only four dollars a week. If she could have taught school up at Rockton and got six hundred dollars a year, like her cousin, Sarah Josepha, that would have been different.

Sarah Josepha had had 'advantages'; she had been sent away to school, and had taken music lessons. Her uncle Joseph had paid the expenses. He was Martha's uncle as well, but he had never done anything for her. The ostensible reason for his partiality to Sarah Josepha was that she was his namesake, and her mother was a widow. Martha's mother, who was his sister also, might as well have been a widow, as Martha said to herself bitterly; for she had married the sort of man who has no luck. He sat in the store and enlightened his townsmen upon the proper way of managing the country politically, while his wife tried to support the family by taking work from the stocking factory. She was a bitter little woman, embittered by unavailing energy and thwarted ambition; by 'trying to make Cyrus spunk up,' as she tersely put it. So it was not a wholesome atmosphere in which Martha had been brought up.

Some people said that Uncle Joseph had not liked Martha, because she looked like her father. Uncle Joseph was a man who declared that he believed in 'stiddy days' works,' rather than in luck, and told his political brother-in-law that it was as much as he could do to sail the 'Sarah Jane,' his tidy little coaster, without attending to the ship of state.

Uncle Joseph had sailed now on the silent voyage; the 'Sarah Jane' lay, a bleaching hulk, at Dawn Point; and he had left his great cranberry meadow to Sarah Josepha. Of course, to Sarah Josepha!

Martha could see from the turnpike road the broad meadow stretching away under the afternoon sun. The cranberries were ripe; the picking would begin next week; there was a great crop. The schools would have a vacation for the two weeks of the cranberry-picking. Cranberries must be picked, though learning languished!

Martha meant to pick; it was more profitable work than teaching the Half-penny Cove school, and a very good opportunity for one's vacation. But she would not pick Sarah Josepha's cranberries. Saul Nickerson, who was Sarah Josepha's cousin on her mother's side, and took care of her meadow when she was away, had asked Martha to pick there, but she had refused flatly. She had engaged to go almost over to Tooraloo to pick for Ansel Baker.

Last year that meadow had been Uncle Joseph's and she had picked there, receiving the same wages as the other pickers.

Sarah Josepha had not picked cranberries since she was a child. Her mother has never allowed her to do housework, either, and her hands were as white and soft as a fine lady's. As she thought of these things, Martha glanced at her own hand, which rested upon the railing of the bridge, where she had stopped to look down at the cranberry meadow. It was rough and toil-hardened. Martha had a swarthy skin, and her figure was what was called 'stubbed 'at Briscoe Bay. Sarah Josepha was tall and slender and fair, and her hair was as yellow as her hands were white. Orrin Seabrook, who had once taught the winter school, had written a poem about her that was published in 'The Patriot.' The winter schoolmasters usually boarded at Martha's house, but none of them had ever written a poem about her. She would not have cared to have any of them do so, except Orrin Seabrook. He had told her that she ought to be very proud to be Sarah Josepha's cousin.

It had been a windy late September day, but now the heavy black clouds seemed to be scattering into little puffballs and drifting out to sea. There was only a light and wandering wind, but it held a hint of coming winter—a sudden hint; for the weather had been warm for the season.

'SARAH JOSEPHA'S CRANBERRIES WERE SAVED.

Martha suddenly raised her eyes and studied the sky. At Briscoe Bay, as at most places where the chief part of the population goes down to the sea in ships, even the women and children were skilled to read the weather signs.

'If the wind goes down altogether, there will be a frost!' she said to herself.

A frost meant dire disaster to the cranberries. The great meadows had gates,—small sluiceways, which could be opened; and flooding saved the cranberries from ruin.

The news of a great school of belated mackerel down below the Reach had drawn almost all the men away from Briscoe Bay that morning. Mackerel were scarce and high, and the weather was so mild that no one had thought that immediate danger threatened the cranberries.

Saul Nickerson had gone off before daylight in his old schooner the 'Rocket.' Saul was always sure to have the first chance at a great catch, and was likely to forget everything else when fish were plenty. Cyril Gates's lame son could take care of his meadow, on the south shore, and the Babson boys, although they were small, could manage to flood theirs; and around the Point the meadows were so sheltered that the frost might not touch them. But Sarah Josepha's meadow was by itself, in an exposed situation. If the frost came, who would flood that?

Martha walked on quickly, her pulses thrilling with a vague mixture of emotions. The wind clouds had converged into a dark line on the horizon, which seemed to be rapidly changing into the dark green of the sea. Above it the sky was a pale, steely blue. The sun's rays seemed feeble, but Martha said to herself that it was warmer now that the wind was going down, and she was glad. It would be a pity that people should lose their cranberries.

Mylon Pote was ahead of her in the road, reading as he slouched along. Mylon's ordinary gait was a slouch, he was so ungainly, and he always had his eyes upon the ground or upon a book. He taught the winter school; but the girls made fun of him, and the boys played tricks upon him. He was only twenty, and he was one of themselves, for he had been brought up over on the north shore. He was working his way through college, and studied diligently in his leisure time. He was utterly unsocial, and the midnight oil burned every night in the ell chamber at Martha's home. He had chosen that room because it was remote and quiet, and overlooked the sea.

The Babson boys and Sylvanus Atwood were walking on the other side of the road, and much gleeful privacy was being exchanged between them, with side glances at the schoolmaster. It occurred to Martha

that they were probably planning some trick to play upon luckless, absorbed Mylon Pote.

She scowled fiercely and shook her head at them when she caught their eyes. She could remember when Mylon had come over from the north shore, in a red calico apron, to play with Sarah Josepha and her, and had assisted when she cut off all of Sarah Josepha's little yellow pigtails as a cousinly kindness—with painful results of maternal discipline all around.

When the gate had clicked behind Mylon and he was straggling along the garden path, between the rows of dahlias and marigolds, still intent upon his book, Martha came within hearing of the boys.

'Of course he'll get out in time for school,' said Lon Babson. 'No chance of a holiday! But we'll pay him up for keeping us after school.'

They espied Martha, and the voices were lowered. She looked severely at them as she passed. They were evidently hatching a plot to make the schoolmaster a prisoner somewhere. She must warn him.

He stood in the doorway as she went up the steps. He had thrust his book into his pocket, and seemed to be making an effort to arouse from his abstraction to the affairs of every day.

'Don't you think there is likely to be a frost if the wind goes down?' he said. The men of Briscoe Bay felt superior to their womenkind in the matter of weather prophecy, as men do everywhere; but Mylon was content to be superior in book-knowledge alone.

Martha turned her head quickly, and critically surveyed the sky.

'I was thinking that I would go and flood Sarah Josepha's cranberries,' he added.

'It doesn't seem to me that it is cold enough for a frost,' said Martha doubtfully.

'I will wait awhile. There's a full moon, and it would be easy to go later,' said Mylon; and he took his book out of his pocket again.

Martha's mother said at the supper-table that she had been kind of afraid there would be a frost, but Cap'n 'Sander Babson had said that the wind was too far round to the south'ard. Mylon drew a long sigh of relief. He had a new work on psychology in which he was absorbed. Martha thought it was a wonder that he had thought of Sarah Josepha's cranberries. But people were always attentive to Sarah Josepha.

An hour after dark Martha went out upon the porch. The air was very sharp, and she felt sure that the wind was getting around to the north. She walked down the garden path irresolutely. There was a sound of stealthy steps around the wood-shed; and, listening intently, she heard the voices of the Babson boys. They were creeping softly up the stairs now, to the ell chamber where the schoolmaster was sitting with his beloved books.

The words that she had overheard came back to her, and she started to follow the boys—started and halted in the silence and darkness of the back entry. The boys had got possession of the schoolmaster's key—an easy matter, since it was always on the outside of the door when he was absent—and they meant to lock him into his room. Martha stood irresolute for a moment, then stole softly into the sitting-room. It was not her business, she said to herself, to protect Mylon Pote from his pupils' pranks. He would be very likely not to discover until morning that he was locked in, unless he should realize that it was growing very cold and should remember Sarah Josepha's cranberries.

She went to bed at nine o'clock, a Briscoe Bay custom; but she could not sleep. She arose and stood by the window, and fancied that she could already see a white sparkle over the meadows under the brilliant light of the moon.

Suddenly there came a sharp knocking from the ell chamber. Mylon Pote pounded and shook the door, and shouted at the top of his voice. Martha's room was a front one and a good way from the ell of the rambling old house. She might not have heard the noise if she had not been awake and expecting it, she said to herself.

Her mother slept in a bedroom off the kitchen. She was very deaf, as well as a sound sleeper. Her father had gone fishing in Saul Nickerson's boat, as he did only when there was a prospect of a great catch.

Martha's heart seemed to be beating in her ears and mingling queerly with the sounds from the schoolmaster's room. What did a boys' prank like that amount to, and why should one interfere? Mylon Pote might get out of his window if he was so very anxious; his legs were long enough to reach almost to the ground—if it were not for that shelving rock at the back, and that could be managed if one were careful. The house was built upon a cliff, and it was rocky up to the very walls; but, of course, one need not jump out; one could somehow let one's self down.

So Martha soothed her conscience and waited, waited listening, long after the pounding and calling ceased.

'Help! Help!' This was a more distant and a different cry.

Martha dressed herself in all haste, and hurried in the direction whence it came. She threw open the kitchen window, and saw Mylon Pote prostrate upon the rock ledge, and making frantic efforts to raise himself.

'It's only my ankle,' he explained with scholarly calmness, 'but I'm afraid it's a sprain. If you could help me into the house—— I could not open my door; it seemed to be fastened upon the outside, and I tried in vain to make myself heard. I found that it had grown very cold, and I wished to flood the cranberries—Sarah Josepha's cranberries. The crop is a very valuable one. The rope fell short, as you see,' pointing to a knotted sheet which dangled from the window, 'and in dropping I slipped upon the rock.'

Martha got him up with difficulty, and helped him around to the door. 'The worst of it is, that I sha'n't be able to get to school,' he groaned as he sank upon the sitting-room sofa.

Martha aroused her mother, who understood about liniments and bandages. His own pain and trouble had made the schoolmaster forget all about the cranberries, but Martha had not forgotten.

She ran down their lane and into the turnpike road, and looked across the shining fields to Sarah Josepha's meadow. That was shining, too, whether only with moonlight, or with dew or the dreaded frost, it was impossible to tell.

The kitchen clock struck eleven. It was yet early, but there was going to be a frost. Martha felt of the dry grass-blades at her feet, and raised her foot irresolutely to the first rail of the fence. She could run across lots in a few minutes and open the gates. She had opened them often when the meadow was Uncle Joseph's.

'The ear-earth is the Lord's—the ear-earth is the Lord's.' It was a high-keyed, quavering voice that sang, far down the turnpike road. Cap'n 'Sander Babson often prowled about, late at night, sometimes in the darkness, with a lantern, oftener in the moonshiny nights. He was a self-appointed custodian of the peace and property of the dwellers at Briscoe Bay, and since he had been dropped from the singing-seats by reason of age he kept his voice in tune in the open air.

'For the land's sake, Marthy Fowler, you scared me most to pieces!' cried Cap'n 'Sander, in his thin old voice, that crackled like dry twigs in the cold. 'There's going to be a swingeing frost, a swingeing frost! But I didn't know as you had any cranberries to take care of. Blessed be nothing, sometimes! There's hardly a man left in Briscoe Bay and the cranberries in the big meadow will be ruined! I tugged and tugged, and couldn't lift the gates to flood 'em. There's kind of a knack to it, I expect. I've come after the schoolmaster to help me. Land! there's nigh upon a thousand dollars' worth of cranberries there! A handsome piece of property that your Uncle Joseph left to Sarah Josepha! She's got another school, now, I see by the papers—a high school, and she's going to get most a thousand dollars a year! But it would be a disgrace to Briscoe Bay to let her lose her cranberries.'

'Mylon Pote has sprained his ankle,' said Martha quickly. 'He can't take a step without help.' She was conscious, with a vague sense of guilt, of the thrill of satisfaction in her voice.

'Good land! and there is n't anybody else to help me!' cried Cap'n 'Sander in dismay. 'Well, then, all I can do is to go along and flood Reuel Atwood's meadow, I can manage his gates.'

He was a garrulous old man, and he talked on; but Martha did not heed him. She stood silently by the fence, and he looked back at her curiously as he shuffled along.

His voice came back to her with weird effect from the distance, in the still night air. 'Except the Lord the city keep——' it seemed to be all around her, to drop down from above, and to be multiplied by innumerable echoes—'Except the Lord the city keep, the watchman waketh but in vain.'

She still stood there by the fence while the sky became clearer and clearer until it was like day and the air grew bitterly cold.

She started suddenly,—she could not herself have explained all the workings of her mind,—climbed the fence, and ran toward the great cranberry meadow. She ran so fast that she stepped into bog-holes and tripped over hillocks.

She had the 'knack' of lifting the gates, and her small strength was sufficient. She waited to see the water slip over the broad surface of the meadow in an ever-widening stream, and to be sure that Sarah Josepha's cranberries were saved.

'You were out very late,' said Mylon Pote curiously the next day. She was a prisoner in the house, like himself having taken a severe cold and the Half-penny Cove school had to be closed three days before the vacation.

It was the end of the term, and there was no winter school to teach at Half-penny Cove.

'I delayed. I have always been envious of Sarah Josepha,' exclaimed Martha simply. 'I got the gates open only just in time.'

A week later she sat by the window, and saw the waggons go by laden with barrels of cranberries from Sarah Josepha's meadow. Martha had not been able to pick anywhere. She had hoped to be able to go into the stocking factory the next week; but it had been closed on account of hard times. It was doubtful whether there would be any work there for the winter.

The story should end here, of course, to be 'artistic'; but life has good endings sometimes, and this is what really happened.

In less than a week after Saul Nickerson sailed for Boston in the 'Rocket' with a cargo of cranberries Martha received a letter from Sarah Josepha from which fluttered a thin slip of paper, the like of which Martha had never seen before.

'I send you half the proceeds of the cranberry crop,' wrote Sarah Josepha, 'as Uncle Joseph directed me to do in a letter written just before his death—$463.75. I thought I would n't tell you before, because it would be such a pleasant surprise. Uncle Joseph said in the letter that he should have left you half of the meadow in his will if he could have been sure that you could keep it for yourself. Of course, it is n't a secret that he did n't like your father. If the meadow should ever be sold, you are to have half the money that it brings. Was n't it a perfectly splendid crop this year? And to think that it came near being ruined! Saul Nickerson says that nobody knows who flooded the meadow.'

Only a Cigarette

(By W. O. Throop, in 'Onward.')

Harry Summers and Jack Barton were school chums. They had entered the Scoville High School together, and together had fought their school battles, till now they had reached their fourth year and were about to prepare for senior matriculation for Victoria University.

Barton had been born and brought up in the little town of Scoville, where his father held the leading medical practice. But Summers's home was some miles distant in the country, where, in the quiet home life of the farm, a sacrifice was being made in order to prepare and put Harry through college.

It was the beginning of the fall term. Harry Summers had just got settled in his boarding-house, when he was startled by a loud rapping at the door, quickly followed by a boyish voice calling out, 'Hello, there, old fellow! Hard at it already?'

Summers jumped to welcome his friend, Jack Barton.

'Going to try the matric this time? Jack said, taking a proffered chair.

'Yes, and a pretty hard pull it will be.'

'Well, Harry, we have a whole year before us.'

Summers laughed, for he well knew Bartons' failing, of neglecting his studies and then having to work night and day at the end of the year.

For some time the two boys sat and talked, as only schoolboys can, of how they had spent their holidays, and of the fellows who had left the school, and the new ones coming in.

'Well, I am glad you are back, any way, Summers. Won't it be jolly to go through college together? Only I'm afraid you will leave me behind.'

'Not much danger of that,' Summers said, 'more likely to be the other way around.'

'Well, we have stayed together all right so far. Here, I'll treat over it.'

Suiting the action to the word, Jack Barton handed Harry a small package.

'What, cigarettes, Jack! You don't smoke, do you?'

'Oh, I learned to like the weed when out camping last summer, and it doesn't hurt a fellow a bit. Have one, Harry?'

Summers shook his head.

'Oh, come, old fellow, just smoke one for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. It's only a cigarette. I did not think you'd be so stiff.'

If there was anything Summers hated it was to be thought stiff, and then, as Jack said, it was only one cigarette.

Pretty soon Harry had finished his first smoke.

Quite often during the coming fall and winter, Jack Barton would take his books and spend the evening with Summers, and very seldom did they end their studies without having just one smoke.

The school days, one after another, sped quickly by, till there were now only two months more of study before the school year would be over, and the long-looked-for exams begin.

The boys of the Scoville High School now became better students, and some of the most careless during the beginning of the year were the most studious now.

But Summers was not one of these, and he felt confident that with two more months' careful study he would be able to get through, though often, when he should have been at his best, he would feel tired, and then he would throw his books aside and have a rest and a smoke. Indeed, he felt, though he would not say so in words, that he couldn't get along without the cigarette.

As for Barton, he was studying and smoking by turns for all he was worth.

At last the exams were on, but Harry Summers and Jack Barton never before felt in as poor a shape to write. Indeed, when Harry was in the middle of the algebra paper, he forgot some of the first principles, while Barton got fairly lost in the Latin translation.

But now they were over, and as Jack and Harry bid each other good-bye, each one in true schoolboy fashion declared he had failed, still hoping in his heart that he had not.

Harry Summers went home to the farm, and tried to drown the suspense of waiting for the results of the exams by hard work in the harvest field, for he well knew how much success or failure meant not only to himself, but to all those in the little home.

At last, towards the latter part of August, the report came, but as the list was read over neither Barton's nor Summers' name appeared.

Harry Summers felt for the first time the keen remorse of failure, more so because he knew how much confidence his father and mother had placed in him.

If they would only blame him in some way; but no word of reproach was uttered, for each member of the family knew that Harry's failure was disappointment enough.

A few days after this Harry was looking through a magazine, when an article on 'The Evils of Cigarette Smoking,' by the Principal of the Scoville High School, attracted his attention. He read how tobacco, especially the cigarette, is destroying not only the physical, but also the mental strength of the youth of our country.

True, Harry had heard all this while in the school-room. But why had he never thought seriously about it before? Was it because from one part of the room some one would whisper Free Lecture, while from another corner could be heard a partly suppressed chuckle? Or was it because he now knew from experience that what the principal had said was true?

The first of September was again drawing near, but no person had said anything to Harry about going back to school, and he began to think that, for a time at least, he would have to give up his studies.

The fields throughout the country were nearly all bare. Harry Summers was pitching off the last load of grain, his father and brother were in the mow. For some time they worked away in silence, the father being the first to speak.

'Well, boys, we have the harvest in, and you have worked like heroes. Would you like to go back to school again, Harry? You failed last year, through some cause; but we are all sure you will not let the same thing occur again.'

Harry held up a partly filled cigarette package. 'That was the cause of my failure, father, but you have my promise that it will never be so again.'

'All right, Harry, we thought you had lost a year, but perhaps the lesson you have learned hasn't been at too great a cost.'

Again we see Harry Summers settled in his boarding-house. Hark! Yes, that is Barton's step on the stairs.

After the first hearty greetings are over, Summers is the first to speak.

'Well, Jack, we both failed last year, and for my part I know the reason. I have promised father that I have taken my last smoke.'

'Give me your hand on it, Harry,' Jack said, jumping up, 'for the doctor and I have both sworn off, too.'

'How did that happen, Jack?'

'Well, to make a long story short, when father heard I had failed, he asked me if I knew the reason. I said, of course I don't, and what is more, I never studied so for an exam before.'

'"Well, Jack," he said, "I'll tell you, it's the cigarettes. I would have told you long ago, but I have been trying to take the beam out of my own eye, by giving up my pipe, before I would ask you to take the mote out of yours."'

'And, Harry, what could a fellow do but swear off, when he has a father like that?'

'You are right, Jack, and you don't know how glad I am that you, too, are giving up smoking.'

'Now, what do you say if we try a little Latin,' and the two boys started another year's study, determined, as far as possible to redeem their past error.

Exhilarating Reading.

Two or three of the best known Canadian novelists were chatting about recent literary ventures the other day, when one of them remarked that 'World Wide,' published by John Dougall & Son, of Montreal, was, in his opinion, doing more to cultivate the taste for good reading than anything that had been attempted in Canada for many years past. 'World Wide' is made up of the most entertaining and valuable articles that appear in the leading contemporary journals and reviews of both hemispheres. It is, so to say, exhilarating reading.

Why Tommy Did Not Speak His Piece.

(By Sydney Dayre, in New York 'Independent.')

"There was such a lot of people there—
And all the gaslights seemed to stare—
And—some one whispered: "Hold up your head";
And—"Don't be scared, dear," somebody said.
And—all of 'em clapped when I went in—
And somebody said: "Go on! Begin!"
And—I forgot every word I knew—
And—all of 'em laughed—Boo-oo-oo-oo.'

The Pet of the Regiment.

('Friendly Greetings.)

It was during that time of wild enthusiasm when England first realized that the war in the Transvaal meant an earnest call upon the manhood of the nation, if she were to hold her own in South Africa, that Ernest Blake joined the Cheshire Volunteers. He had been a crack shot among the riflemen, and foremost in many an adventure; and now when tidings came of the strain and stress of the conflict in Natal, of the falling back of our troops upon Ladysmith and of their concentration there, all the manliness in him thrilled with earnestness to take part in the conflict for England and honor.

There was no doubt about his acceptance—already a good shot, and a fair soldier, he needed to spend but a brief time in drill and preparation before being sent out to the front. The 2nd Cheshire Volunteers, in

A FINE RETRIEVER SWIMMING IN THE WATER TOWARDS THEM.

which he was enrolled, were conveyed to Southampton, where they went on board the great steamer that was to convey them to the seat of war.

The next morning they were to start across the ocean, where they were to take part in the great conflict in which the manhood of the English race was to be so conspicuously tested. Already he had said good-bye to friends and home, and as he walked the dock that night, though thoughts of possible danger and suffering came across him, yet he was glad to get away from the monotonous work of desk and counter to the more adventurous life before him, and was willing to risk the suffering for the sake of the distinction and glory he might win.

The next morning, when they were almost ready to start, Ernest Blake was standing with two seamen at the foot of the ladder by which the troops had come on board, when they noticed a fine retriever swimming in the water towards them. It had jumped into the stream and made direct for the ship, and when it came up they helped it out of the water.

The beautiful animal climbed the ladder to the deck and, shaking the water from its coat, began trotting about among the soldiers as though quite at home with them, and they in turn were quite delighted to have such a playmate.

Being passionately fond of animals, Ernest Blake took special charge of the dog, and though all the men made much of it, it naturally became especially attached to him. When they got to South Africa it followed the 2nd Cheshires, and soon became known as the regimental dog. It shared their fortunes, it was provided for by their mess, and encountered the same dangers that they did; and whenever they were ordered into the conflict, the dog was there in his place, marching to the front as bravely as any of them. On one or two occasions he saved them from falling into an ambush, so that the soldiers loved him and made much of him. He became the pet of the regiment.

The regiment had been having a terribly rough time—bad weather, poor food, hard marching and fighting—dangers enough, and adventures enough to give them stories for recital for years to come. But would they win through it—so many brave fellows lying buried in the veldt, and so many more wounded in the hospital, some never to be the same again? And now they had come up to the Modder River, and another great battle lay in front of them. Who would come out of it safe?

Hitherto Ernest Blake had been unwounded. He had developed into a sturdy and vigorous soldier, inured to fatigue and battle. Hitherto his had seemed to be a charmed life; and so had the dog's; never a scratch had come to either of them. But to-day, at the very beginning of the battle, he was struck. He felt a sharp sting on his leg, and then suddenly his strength gave way, and he fell. He was good for no more fighting that day, and had to be carried back to the hospital.

The dog could not understand at first why he did not come on—he who had always been the first; so it came back to him, as though to call him to his duty, but finding he could not, bounded away after the regiment. Then, when the fight was over, back came the dog, and though wearied with the day's work, found him in the hospital, and lay down beside him.

There was something grateful to the wounded soldier in the love of the dog; that half human look in its eyes that spoke of affection and care, and it soothed him in his pain and weariness. As it lay beside him, his hand stretched over, resting gracefully upon it, a regiment of Leinsters marched past. Suddenly the dog raised its head with a quick, alert movement, and getting up, looked eagerly towards them. Then, hearing a peculiar whistle it dashed away towards them with every demonstration of delight and gladness, in which the men of the Leinsters seemed to share, in spite of the obligations of discipline.

Blake was amazed and hurt, the more so because the dog did not return. He felt sore, almost bitterly, towards it as he lay on his rough bed, and when the nurse came the next morning he could not help complaining.

'I do not wonder you feel hurt,' she said, 'but you see, Blake, the dog belonged to them before they left England, and had been the pet of the regiment. Somehow, it was lost at Southampton, and now, recognizing them as they marched past, he has returned to his old allegiance.'

'It doesn't make it the less hard,' returned Blake, 'that he deserts me now I am in trouble. But,' he added bitterly, 'it's the way of the world; we must get hardened to it, I suppose.'

'Blake, 'said the nurse softly, 'do you ever think of One who never deserts us in trouble, and whose love never changes?'

'I know what you mean, miss; I'm afraid I have not thought much about him—been too full of the fighting, you see.'

'And think what a good thing the shot hit your leg and not your heart. You have time to seek him now.'

'Yes, that is true!' he exclaimed. And the weary soldier, pain-racked and very exhausted, often raised a prayer to Jesus Christ and Christ heard him. And often in that hospital on the field of battle Ernest Blake was comforted by the presence of his Saviour. He found the old promise true, as so many others of us have also found: 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'

A Bit of Business,

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Are those strawberries quite fresh?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Jenny Gond, rather shyly. This was her first day in the shop, so she felt a little afraid of the grand lady who had just come in to give an order.

'Were they picked to-day?'

'No, ma'am,' replied the girl, simply, 'they were picked yesterday.'

The lady looked disappointed. 'I am afraid they won't do for me, then,' she said; 'I want them to send away to a friend, and they must be quite fresh.'

Mrs. Tompkins, the shopkeeper, who had overheard this little conversation, now came forward.

'I can get you some to-morrow an hour after they are picked, ma'am,' she said.

The lady hesitated a moment.

'Well, that will do,' she said. 'Send them to my house as early as possible.' So saying, she left the shop.

Then Mrs. Tomkins turned to Jenny. 'If that's the way you're going to serve my customers,' she said, 'you won't do for me. Why didn't you say the strawberries were picked this morning?'

'But I knew they weren't,' said Jenny. 'How could I tell her what wasn't true?'

'Weren't they good and fresh strawberries?' retorted the woman. 'What more did the lady want? If she liked to think they had been picked to-day, you should have let her think it. That's the way to do business and the sooner you learn it the better.'

Just then another customer came in, and Mrs. Tomkins could say no more. Jenny was much troubled, She had just succeeded in getting a place in Mrs. Tomkins's shop, and had been overjoyed, for now she could be with her sick mother at nights, and be earning a little to help to get what she needed. But now, on her first day, she had offended her employer. And yet she could not feel sorry for she knew it was right to speak the truth at all costs. As soon as the customer had gone, Mrs. Tomkins returned to the charge.

'Don't let me hear any more of that nonsense,' said she. 'That lady's a new customer. She's only just come to one of them large houses on the hill, and I won't have it said that she can't get what she wants here. Do you hear, Jenny Gond?'

'Yes,' answered the girl; and she would not trust herself to say more just then.

Next morning Mrs. Tomkins brought a large basket full of strawberries into the shop. 'Take these up to Mrs. Vane,' she said to Jenny, 'and tell her they're just fresh picked. Hurry, now!'

Just as Jenny was entering the gates of Mrs. Vane's house, the lady herself came down the drive. 'Ah! you have brought the strawberries!' said she. 'I suppose they have been picked this morning?'

It would have been quite easy to say 'Yes,' but somehow Jenny could not.

'I don't know, ma'am,' she said, looking at her questioner.

Mrs. Vane noticed the little flush on the girl's sweet face, and wondered a little what caused it; but she only said, 'Well, they look all right. Take them to the back door, please.' And so she passed on, leaving with Jenny the remembrance of a gracious presence and a kind smile.

Things went smoothly enough in the shop that day, and Jenny was not obilged to answer any awkward questions.

But towards the end of the week, when market-day came round, Mrs. Tomkins was very much disturbed that her usual supply of butter had not arrived. She sent Jenny to the market to get the necessary supply from one of the countrywomen's stalls, Part of this Mrs. Tomkins put in a corner of the counter with the label "Devonshire Butter' in full view. She was attending to another customer when Mrs. Vane came in.

'I want you to send me three pounds of your Devonshire butter to-day,' she said, glancing at the label, and addressing Jenny.

'We haven't any Devonshire butter, to-day, ma'am,' said Jenny. 'I think this is quite as good, though.'

The lady looked at her. 'Maybe,' she said; 'but I prefer the Devonshire. What is this, then?'

'It came from one of the country farms,' said Jenny; 'we were disappointed of our supply this morning.'

'Mrs. Vane left the shop without buying anything, and then poor Jenny had to face Mrs. Tompkins.

'Look here, Jenny Gond,' said she, red with anger, 'the next time I hear you spoiling my custom you'll go for good, and that's certain! Who are you, to turn good customers away? I tell you, girl, you'll never get on if you don't alter your ways!'

'I'll not tell lies,' said Jenny firmly. 'If I'm asked, I'll speak the truth.'

'Then you can find another place,' said Mrs. Tomkins, 'and leave here in a week.'

The blow fell on poor Jenny with crushing force. She knew it was not so easy to find another place. And what would she do if she had to leave her mother?

Sleep did not come to her that night and it was a pale and sad face, that fronted Mrs. Tomkins's customers the next day; among the customers was Mrs. Vane.

'I have just called,' she said to Mrs. Tomkins, 'to say that I have decided to deal with you. I will give you a list of things that I require weekly, and you can send them regularly.'

After a little more conversation with the pleased shopkeeper, Mrs. Vane, looking at Jenny, added, 'The chief reason I want to deal here is that I find I can be sure of getting a perfectly truthful answer to any question I may ask. Truth and honesty are the best recommendations, Mrs. Tomkins.'

After she had gone, Mrs. Tomkins turned to Jenny. 'I'd like you to stay, Jenny,' she said. 'You've got me a first-class customer, and I do believe after all it's best to speak the truth.'

Courtesy--One Road to Success.

A member of a tourist party travelling abroad was always complaining of the uniform lack of courtesy in the people he met. He was forever being snubbed and insulted.

Another member of the same party finally told him he would accompany him through the streets of London, and would address strangers of all ranks in life whom they met, and assured him that they would receive, in every instance, nothing but courtesy and kind treatment. They started on their tour. The one who proposed the experiment would often stop persons on the street, and ask them all sorts of questions as to where they could find this or that place of interest, and how to get to it, etc. He would detain boys who were hurrying to perform errands; merchants who were occupied with business concerns; women, gentlemen, noblemen, and people of all classes; and, in every case, the two were treated with the utmost courtesy. Nearly every one accosted seemed interested in their inquiries, and was only too glad to assist them if possible. The secret was in the kindly tone and courteous manner in which the people were approached. Action and reaction are equal. We receive what we give. The world is a whispering gallery, and will return a harsh or a pleasant tone, according to that which we give out.

The world is a mirror, and will reflect faithfully the faces we present to it. If we smile at it, it will smile back at us. If we look at it with a contemptuous expression, we shall get a reflection in kind.

A kindly, courteous manner has been to thousands the secret of their rise to positions of honor, wealth and power.

A young lawyer left his home in the country and went to a large city to practice law. He was entirely unknown, without friends or influence. He did not have a college education or a broad culture. He had not been in cultivated society. He lacked polish and was awkward. He did not even have a thorough professional training, but he possessed a certain dignity of bearing, delicacy of tact, and a large-hearted courtesy, with a cordial manner and a ready smile, and a pleasant word for all. These things rapidly gained him friends and clients, and he became a wealthy and influential man.

Courtesy is not a substitute for a college education, nor is it a fitness for occupation, but it is a powerful aid to success in life.—'Success.'

Never Say Fail.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser,
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 19, of 'World Wide':—

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Kaiser's Friends—'The World,' London.
Kitchener's Letters to Steyn and Botha—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
England and Afghanistan—New York 'Times.'
The Position in Russia—'The Spectator,' London. Abridged.
The Canada of the East—'Daily News,' London.
Novel Sensatsons—Mostyn T. Pigott, in 'The World.'
Mr. Shepard's Dilemma—New York 'Tribune.'
The Business Instinct—'Chambers's Journal.' Slightly abridged.
The Ethics of Investment—'The Commonwealth,' London.
Sport or Snobbery?—'Saturday Review,' London.
The Glut of Wine—France's Strange Predicament.
A Remarkable University—'Daily Mail,' London.
A Provincial Sunday—From a Correspondent in 'The Pilot,' London.
Wesley and Epworth—'Daily News,' London.
The Crisis of Trade Unionism—'The New Age,' London.
The Discoveries at Stonehenge—New York 'Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Modern Art in Venice—'The Nation,' New York.
A South Welsh Idyll—'The Speaker,' London.
The Highland Bagpipe—'The Athenaeum,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

September—William Wilfrid Campbell, in 'Literature,' London.
Hero Worship—Verse, 'The Pilot,' London.
No Race—Verse, 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Secret of Happiness—'The Speaker,' London.
Not Quite a Boswell—'Saturday Review,' London.
Browning's Plays—By Stephen Gwynn' in 'Daily News,' London.
Literary Remains—New York 'Post.'
Lucas Malet's New Book—'The Academy,' London.
Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great—Sermon by Horace Bushnell. Condensed.

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The Stained Table Cloth.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

If there was any one thing that Fred and Lottie especially enjoyed in the summer, it was to have a picnic under the cherry trees in the back yard. Mamma had a low cutting table that she let them take, and there was a little table-cloth kept in the lower drawer of the sideboard on purpose for their use.

One July day when Mrs. Hill had gone to spend the afternoon with a sick friend, Fred and Lottie had company, Will and Stanley Strong, from the next street. A charming time the children had. They played that they were a fire company and ran to fires. And they played that they were Indians, and went hunting on the plains. And when they were too tired and too warm to hunt any longer they all sat down to rest under the big cherry tree.

Then Fred whispered to Lottie, and Lottie smiled and nodded, and they both went into the house and brought out the little cutting-table, and set it under the tree on a smooth place where it would stand level.

Next Lottie went to ask Jane for something for a picnic, something nice, as they had company. And as Jane's work was done, and she was feeling good-natured, she made Lottie some ham sandwiches and gave her some tarts and cookies.

This took quite a little time, and when she went out again, Fred had the table spread with a table cloth, and four glass tumblers on it. Lottie looked at the cloth a minute before she set her plate of sandwiches down, 'That's not the table cloth mamma lets us have,' she said.

''Tis, too,' answered Fred, a bit gruffly.

'No, it isn't,' insisted Lottie, 'I'm sure this is larger, and mamma says we must never take but the one, so you must carry it right back.'

Now it would have been bad enough for Fred to have Lottie, who was two years younger, speak to him like that at any time, but before Will and Stanley he was not going to give up, even though he began to suspect that he had made a mistake.

'I guess I know, Lottie Hill, and this is the right one,' more stoutly than ever; 'you hurry and get the rest of the things, while I make some cherry bounce.' This was a favorite drink of Fred's, and was made by squeezing the cherries into some water, and adding a little sugar.

When at last all was ready, and they sat down to the table, Fred felt rather cross. Perhaps the feeling that he was in the wrong about the table cloth and should have taken it back, as Lottie said, helped to make him so; besides he thought the 'bounce' was not quite as good as usual, and for company, too.

So, when presently, a robin came in the tree above them for some cherries, though there were plenty for the children and the birds, too, Fred jumped up to throw a stick at it, and in his hurry gave the table a jar that spilled half his cherry—and—water, which ran in a red stain across the white cloth.

'O Fred Hill, see what you've done,' exclaimed Lottie. But Fred, whose temper had not been helped by the accident, told her to 'shut up her clam-shell,' a phrase he had heard the stable-boy next door use.

He thought it was quite manly to talk that way before the other boys, but Lottie, who was only seven years old, opened her eyes wide at language such as she had never heard before, and said if he was going to act like that she should go in and stay with Jane.

After that Will and Stanley did not stay much longer, and after they were gone, Lottie carried back the plates, which had not so much as a crumb left on them, and Fred gathered up the table cloth, stain and all, and jammed it into the sideboard lower drawer.

DRAWING LESSON.

Some days later Mrs. Hill came into the sitting-room where Fred and Lottie were playing, with something white in her arms. 'Children,' she said, 'how came this table cloth stained so ? Didn't you know it was not the one I told you you could have?'

'I told Fred so,' answered Lottie, 'but he wouldn't believe me,'

' 'Twas in the lower drawer,' protested Fred.

'But you should have been careful that you were right, or else have asked Jane. This is not only a much nicer one, but it is not mine, it belongs to the ladies of the church, and was used at the social last week, after which I brought it home for Jane to wash and iron. And the worst of it is that the stain has laid so long that it will not all come out. Now as I cannot take it back as it is, I shall have to get a new one, and under the circumstances who do you think should pay for it?'

Fred's face had been growing very red, and he hung his head as he answered, 'I — I—'spose you think I had.'

'That is just what I think. Because in the first place you should have been careful to see that you had the right cloth ; you should have been willing to listen to Lottie, if she is younger, for the second, and you should have told Jane or me of the stain and not hidden it away, for the third fault. It will cost you seventy-five cents. Fortunately it is only a tea-cloth or it would be more. I hope it is a lesson my little boy will remember.'

Fred hated to break into the money he was saving for a new bicycle, but he knew his mother was right, and as he gave it to her he said, 'You needn't be afraid but what I will remember the stained table cloth, mamma, for a good while, anyway.'

Tagging Along.

'She's forever tagging along !' complained Ethel, as her little sister, Marjorie, begged to go with her and her cousin Mattie to the post-office. The two older girls were ten, and wee Marjorie was a small dumpling of four. Her devotion to Ethel was touching. She was never so satisfied as when allowed to trot about in Ethel's train or to hold Ethel's hand. And on Sundays, when Marjorie had on a beautiful white frock, and a picture hat trimmed with poppies, and her white shoes, Ethel was rather fond of taking her to Sunday-school and church ; she felt some pride in escorting her little princess of a sister. But on week days she often rebelled and called on her mother to keep Marjorie at home.

'I never have a moment to myself. She is always tagging on, and always in the way.'

'Come here, darling !' said the mother. 'Sister doesn't want you this time. Come, help mamma set the table.'

Down the street walked Ethel and Mattie, the former very silent, for though she had succeeded in carrying her point, she felt that she had been very cross and selfish, and her conscience pricked her. As they passed a house on the corner of the street a lady came out and called Ethel.

'Do you know, dear, whether your mother has any white carnations in bloom, and can she spare me some rose geraniums ? The baby over the way died this afternoon, and I am getting flowers to put in the little casket. The funeral will be to-morrow.'

'The baby ! Not Eunice Fairchild? Why, she was playing by the door yesterday.'

'Little Eunice; she was three years old, but she was their baby, and the illness was very short and sharp, Why, Ethel, don't cry so!'

Ethel's tears fell fast. She and Mattie looked at each other with the same thought in each heart. What if God should call Marjorie home as he had called Eunice? Ethel flew to the post-office, did her errand, and rushed home, catching Marjorie up and kissing her.

'Oh ! Marjorie, you may go with me whenever you like. I will never again say that you are tagging after me; never never.'

I am not sure that Ethel always kept her word, but I know that she was much gentler, and much more considerate of her little sister from that time on. It were well for us all to remember that at any time death might come, and that therefore we should be 'patient with the living.' We never regret our kind word or deed to one who has passed away.—American Paper.

The Wee One.

(By Martha Burr Banks, in 'The Outlook.')

Down at our house is a wee one,
And nobody ever could see one
More sweet and complete from the tips of his feet,
To the soft fluffy down on the top of his crown;
Oh, the hue of his eyes is the blue of the skies,
And the guile of his smile like the laugh of the day,
Merry and winning and gladsome and gay,
While his cheeks are like clover, with pink flushing over.
From the break of the dawn to the set of the sun,
There is nothing you'll see that is fairer than he,
Our own little, dear little wee one!

Two fat little fists has the wee one,
And he always can show you a free one
To tear at your hair and to make havoc there,
And a dimple he'll find you still further to bind you;
And he's two little teeth lately out from their sheath
That will bite with delight on your finger or knuckle,
Or make tiny dents on your watch or your buckle,
While his feet growing bolder will drum on your shoulder,
But who minds the scars when they're every one done,
By that mischievous mite, that witching young wight,
Our own little, dear little wee one?

Ah, many a friend has the wee one,
And he knows if you happen to be one;
He'll gurgle and coo and he'll frolic with you,
Or stretch out his arms with his prettiest charms,
And fret when you wake him to get you to take him;
He'll hoax you and coax you and cut up his capers,
Toss over your treasures and tumble your papers;
You have to attend him, you have to befriend him.
But who can help loving that bundle of fun,
That giver of joy, that bright little boy,
God bless him, our dear little wee one!

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 10.

Israel Oppressed in Egypt.

Exodus i., 1-14. Memory verses 8, 9, 13, 14.

Golden Text.

'God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant.'—Exodus ii., 24.

Lesson Text.

(5) And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls. (6) For Joseph was in Egypt already. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. (7) And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them. (8) Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. (9) And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we; (10) Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land. (11) Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses. (12) But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. (13) And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; (14) And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field, all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

The Emigrants.—Vs. 1-6.—We recall that at Joseph's invitation Jacob and his whole tribe came into Egypt, and settled in the rich pastures of the land of Goshen. These are the names. The heads of the families only are given, the twelve sons of Jacob, the heads of clans. Every man and his household. Including not only wives and children, but also the servants, who 'were reckoned as part of the household, and were admitted to the covenant, and recognized as Israelites (Gen. xvii., 27).'—Todd. How numerous these households were can be surmised from the fact that Abraham could muster three hundred and eighteen armed men to rescue Lot (Gen. xiv., 14); Isaac was mightier than some of the neighboring kings (Gen. xxvi., 16); Jacob brought large flocks and their shepherds from Padan-aram; Esau and Jacob had to separate because their followers were so numerous (Gen. xxxvi., 6-7). It would require a large number of followers to care for the large flocks and herds which Jacob took to Egypt with him (Gen. xlvii., 1-45-10). Not only was the whole tribe included in the covenant of circumcision (Gen. xvii., 12-13-27), but provision was made for the absorption of sojourners and their descendants (Gen. xvii., 12; Ex. 12-48.

And Joseph died. B.C. 1635, aged 110 years. For seventeen years he lived at home, in Hebron; ten years he was a slave in Egypt, three years in prison, and eighty years he was ruler in Egypt. He lived to see his great-grandchildren (Gen. l., 23). His body was embalmed, and kept in Egypt till the Israelites went out a great nation, when it was taken to the land of Canaan, and buried in Shechem, near Mounts Ebal and Gerizim (Ex. xiii., 19). And all that generation. All the men of that age, Egyptians as well as Israelites.—Bush. No man is so important that his falling away will stop the progress of the kingdom of God. 'Men may come, and men may go,' but the kingdom of God 'goes on forever.'

There arose up a new king.—Rather a new dynasty of kings. The old rulers under whom Joseph served were overthrown, and an entirely new dynasty came into power. Either Thothmes III. or Rameses II., the Sesostris of Greek history. Which knew not Joseph. No knowledge of him, or of what he had done in the past. There is now in the Museum of Bulaq, near Cairo, Egypt, the actual body of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the oppression. It was discovered in July, 1881, near Thebes.

The children of Israel are more and mightier than we, not than the whole of Egypt, but than of the province connected with Israel. 'But the expression may mean only, too many for us, unmanageably strong.'—MacGregor. The Egyptians were weakened by the great wars and internal conflicts. The monuments show that Rameses II. had long and disastrous wars with the Hittites and others.

The two dangers.—(1) There was danger lest they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us. The greatest enemies of Egypt were on the east, and must enter from that side where the Israelites lived. The wilderness of Arabia swarmed with Bedouins, the great empire of the Hittites was not far off, and Assyrian armies approached Egypt sometimes. The danger was greater because it was a new dynasty, which had to make itself master of diverse elements. With enemies so near, and the Hebrews likely to revolt, Egypt was placed over a political volcano that might at any time burst into flames. (2) There was danger lest they get them up out of the land. Thus their supply of laborers would be diminished, and large revenues lost, and their eastern borders be left less guarded.

The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied. Egypt's king and court could do nothing against the plans and blessing of the Almighty. So it has usually been when bad men have tried to destroy God's cause and God's people. 'Times of affliction have often been the church's growing times. Christianity spread most when it was persecuted; the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church.'—M. Henry.

Practical lessons.—Like this bondage of God's people in Egypt, so sin is a bondage, cruel and destructive,—a bondage of remorse, of bad habits, of bodily disease, of perverted conscience, of present and future punishment. It compels those who are its slaves to do what they would not, and keeps them from doing what they would. The sinner is not free because he is compelled to bear the consequences of sin against his will. He cannot escape from the gnawing of conscience.

Sayings of the wise.—'For the worst tyrant a man can serve is his own selfish heart.'—Dr. Hovey. 'The idea that vice is slavery is common in all literature; frequent in the classics.'—Cambridge Bible. 'Dream not of freedom while under the mastery of your desires.'—Plato. 'No one committing deeds of wickedness can be free.'—Arrian. 'Guilt may bear the name of virtue, but it is base bondage.'—Epictetus. 'A good man, though he were a slave, is yet free; whereas a wicked man, though he were a king, is yet enslaved; nor is he enslaved to one master only, but, which renders his case so far worse, to as many masters as he has lusts.'—Augustine.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Nov. 10.—Topic.—Our national bondage.—Hab. i., 13-17; Amos. vi., 1-6. (Temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

SOME BIBLE SOLDIERS.

Mon., Nov. 4.—Joshua the conquerer.—Josh. vi., 1-2.

Tues., Nov. 5.—Faithfulness rewarded.—Josh. xiv., 9-13.

Wed., Nov. 6.—With trumpet and lamp.—Judg. vii., 19-22.

Thu., Nov. 7.—The strong man.—Judg. xiv., 5-6.

Fri., Nov. 8.—David and his armor.—1 Sam. xvii., 38-40.

Sat., Nov. 9.—The centurion's trust.—Matt. viii., 5-10.

Sun., Nov. 10.—Topic.—Lessons from Bible soldiers. (Gideon, Joshua, Caleb, Samson, etc.

A sermon can be said to be good in proportion as the hearers are able to understand and carry away its thought. The same is true of a Sunday-school lesson. Its value depends on the distinctness of the impression made on the minds of the scholars. Not too many but well directed thoughts are best. The wise teacher will be very careful in the selection of material.

The Ram's Horn Plan.

HOW TEMPERANCE SUNDAY MAY BE MADE PRACTICALLY USEFUL.

(Written for the 'Ram's Horn,' by Hugh Cork, of Pennsylvania, Superintendent House to House Visitation Sabbath-School Association.)

Hugh Cork, of Pittsburg, Pa., is one of the most aggressive and successful Sunday-School workers in the United States. It is generally acknowledged that, whoever may have been the originator of the visitation idea in Sunday-School extension, Mr. Cork was the first to give it vitality and a new meaning. His metrods are thoroughly unique, and it is due in large measure to his effective aid that Pennsylvania Sunday-Schools are in the forefront of all Sunday-Schools in the United States. Already a movement is in full progress in Great Britain, which aims to place every man, woman and child, so far as possible, upon a total abstinence pledge roll. Mr. Cork herewith suggests a practicable plan by which the millions of young and old who now attend American Sunday-Schools can simultaneously make a fresh and perhaps repeated promise to forever boycott the liquor business. —'Ram's Horn.'

In our efforts to destroy the drink traffic have we not largely forgotten during recent years, the 'demand,' while turning our attention to stopping the 'supply?' Special meetings and times for pledge-taking are the exception where once they were the rule. A stock objection to statutory prohibition is 'As long as people want to drink they will find liquor somewhere even though you have a prohibitory law,' and there is some truth in this. While we make every possible effort toward legal prohibition, let us not for one moment relax our efforts along the line of moral suasion.

No business in the world can withstand a well-organized boycott. The occasion is now at hand when a boycott may be inaugurated against the saloon business, which shall permanently close many a dram shop. Sunday, Nov. 24, has been designated by Christians the world over as 'Temperance Sunday,' when it is recommended that all the exercises in the various church services shall be in keeping with the legislation of the day. What a splendid thing it would be for the cause of temperance, if each person who attends any church service on that day could be induced to sign a temperance pledge! From the Sunday-schools alone there would come about eighteen million pledges.

HOW THIS MIGHT BE EASILY ACCOMPLISHED.

First Paln.—With plenty of pledge cards at each service on Nov. 24, an earnest plea ought to result in almost every person signing the pledge and this without the excitement and expense of a 'temperance revival.' There would hardly be a child in the Sunday-school who would not sign, and all done without forming a 'new society' to do it. This plan could be operated by any church, without much previous preparation, for if their denomination did not have the pledge cards, they could get some printed like the sample below.

Second Plan.—About the first of November the pastor and Sunday-school superintendent of any church interested could begin the plan, a community campaign. Plenty of pledge cards could be procured and distributed to the various classes in the Sunday-school, urging each scholar to take as many as they could use and get signers to the pledge from those children about their home who did not attend other Sunday-schools, and from adults in their neighborhood not connected with other churches. A special prize or 'Temperance Banner' could be given the class securing the largest number of pledges. Plenty of pledge cards could be placed in the church pews, and a plea made

for signers at all the services. A 'Temperance Rally' could be planned with fine effect for the afternoon or evening of Nov. 24, at which the prizes could be given to the successful Sunday-school classes. The good results coming from this plan would extend farther than the cause of temperance.

Third Plan.—A committee representing all the Sunday-schools, temperance bands, junior societies, etc., in any locality, could meet the last of October and plan a canvass of the entire community to take place on Saturday afternoon Nov. 23. The territory could be easily divided into districts of about a mile square, with some church near the centre, and a competent committee in charge. The Sunday-schools and other societies could be divided between the several districts, and children, from nine to fifteen years of age, enlisted for service. A pledge card like the following might be used:

PLEDGE.

I solemnly promise that I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage as long as I live, and will strive to induce others to do so.

Name.. .. ..

Address .. ..

Denomination .. ..

Pastor .. ..

On the other side of the card the following might be printed:

YOU ARE INVITED

as you attend the Church of your choice to-morrow to fill our blank on the reverse side of this card and give it to the usher at the door, or drop it into the collection basket. Please fill out your denomination and the pastor you prefer.

Try and be there to-morrow as the Services will be especially attractive.

If you cannot get to Church have each member of your household fill out one of these blanks and the person who left them will call for them on Saturday.

This same form could be published in all the papers of the place, with a full explanation of the purpose of the movement.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 23, the children should all assemble at 2 p.m., at the various headquarters announced at the services the Sunday previous. The district committees should have plenty of cards to put five or six in each home. Having divided the territory according to the probable number of children to distribute the cards (giving each child from sixty to one hundred houses if necessary) be sure that each one knows around what blocks or squares they are to distribute. Instruct them to ring each door-bell and hand the person who answers the call five or six cards, simply saying, 'Please have these cards filled out and take them to church to-morrow.'

On Sunday, Nov. 24, there should be plenty of pledge cards at each service and an urgent plea made to have everyone fill one out. Arrangements should be made to have the children report at the same district headquarters on the following Saturday to go over the same ground and ask at each door, 'Have you any pledge cards filled out which were not taken to church last Sunday? If so, I have called to get them.'

The results might be made tremendous! Almost all of any community could be thus personally touched and that by the 'little child who shall lead them.' The children themselves, who are too young to be used in general church visitation, can do this work better than the older persons, and will be greatly interested in doing it. It cannot fail to add to church attendance, and no doubt many new names will be put into the hands of pastors by the pledge cards returned. It will secure such a signing of the pledge as could not be brought about by any series of 'Temperance Meetings,' and all this without any undue excitement and with little expenditure of labor and money.

The above suggestions come out of considerable experience in directing visitations, and I feel confident will work successfully. Could not this first year of the new century witness a 'Children's Crusade' on behalf of temperance which would be blessed of God in protecting against the barbarian hosts of intemperance the holy innocence of childhood they seek to destroy?

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little missionary girl, away down here in North Carolina. You are so kind to send us the 'Messenger.' We use it in our Sunday-school. It is a welcome visitor. May God bless the Editor. I have one sister and one brother. I am ten years old. I do not have pets, cats and dogs and chickens like the other children, but I have Jesus. I have given up all to go with papa and mamma in the mission field, ond we cannot take pets with us. Now, if I hear from this or see it in print I will try to write again. HALCY T.

[The papers mentioned are sent every month by the Taylor Church Missionary Committee.—Ed.]

New Rockland.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. My home is in South Acton, Mass. But since March I have been stopping with my aunt and uncle in New Rockland, Canada. My father is a photographer. I have one brother and one sister. My sister is stopping here with me. My birthday is on June 10. I had four cousins here, but I am sorry to say that one went away to Sherbrooke to the hospital to go under an operation for appendicitis and he has been there about four weeks now, and the doctor thinks he will be able to come home in about a week. I like staying here very much. There are animals of every kind and I am very fond of animals. I walk about two miles and a half to Sunday-school and my teacher's name is Mr. Crack, and our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. Sutherland. FORESTER T.

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading the letters from the girls and boys. I have two sisters and three brothers and a father. My mother died in May. A niece and a nephew are living with me. We have seven cows, two calves and two mares. One mare is grey, her name is Maud. The other is a bay, her name is Flora. I can ride on their backs. I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Watters. My birthday is on April 6. I am twelve years old. BELLE McF.

South March, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from South March yet, so thought I would write one. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I am ten years old and go to school. I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mr. Eastman. I have a pet cat which I call Harry. My birthday is on Aug. 4. V. S.

Leavitt's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Messenger' and she likes it very much. I have six kittens and a dog. I have five sisters and four brothers; two of them are at home. I am going to school. I go to Sunday-school. Mr. Jeffrey preaches here almost every Sunday. ROY B. (Aged 12).

Ruskview.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' some time ago, but, not seeing it printed I have written agoin. I get the 'Messenger' every week, and enjoy reading it very much. My papa died a year ago last February. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day and am in the third book.

WILLIE R. (Aged 9.)

[For the 'Messenger.'

THE WAY OF LIFE.

A maiden stood with eager feet
At the place where girlhood and womanhood meet;
Widespread the future before her view
With paths to her untried feet all new.
She knew she must start life's race to run
If she'd reach the goal with the setting sun.

Stretched before her a pathway fair
So wide and smooth. Clust'ring flowers rare
Were in the way, and the surging throng
Plucked them in haste as they hurried along.
Riches and fame and pleasures gay
Were the portion of them who went that way.

'What a pleasant pathway is this to tread,
So smooth and broad! I can speed,' she said,
'With flying feet down this easy way
And reach the goal at the close of day.
And with garlands gay and joyous song
I will gladden the hours as I haste along.'

E'en as she spoke an angel of light
With shining face and garments white
Stood at her side and with tenderest mien
Showed her a path that had lain unseen
At her very feet—a narrow way
Without light or song or flowers gay.

'This toilsome way,' said the vision pure,
'Though narrow, and rocky, and steep, is sure
To lead at last to the goal of rest
Where thou shalt be ever supremely blest.
A harp and a crown are awaiting thee,
Thy guide and stay I will surely be.

That slippery path wherein thou would tread
Is with dark and dangerous pitfalls spread.
Those bright-hued flowers are withered soon
And a note of pain mars the merry tune.
Gnashing of teeth and the blackest despair
Are awaiting them who journey there.'

She followed the Guide in the narrow way;
'Twas lighted with Heaven's purest ray,
In the darkest hour she was not alone,
Nor she dashed not her foot against a stone.
She reached the goal at eventide,
Footsore, and leaning on her Guide.

Eye hath not seen nor mind conceived
Of the blest reward that was there received.
But we know that they who, with zeal unspent,
Undaunted by steep and rugged ascent,
In faith pursue the path she trod
Shall share her reward and her rest in God.

ANNE RICHARDSON

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I like your 'Northern Messenger' very much. I live near the lake in Toronto. I have one sister and we have delightful walks in the woods. We went up town last Friday to see the Duke and Duchess. We were quite close to them. Our city was illuminated beautifully.

MADGE B. (Aged 10.)

Sheguiandah, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I have seven sisters and one brother; two of my sisters are away: one in Hamilton and the other in Orangeville; the rest are at home. We live on a farm, we have a lot of chickens. I go to Sunday-school. I like the 'Messenger.' I get it at Sunday-school. I go to day school; I am in the third reader. We have two dogs, one's name is Unie and the other's name is Jip. ALVINA W.

Your paper Free

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HOUSEHOLD.

One Mother's Way.

The usual public school in the country requires ten years to complete the course, so that girls beginning school at five years of age graduate at fifteen. That is entirely too young, and the severe work of the last three years occurs at an age when a girl is least able to bear it.

Realizing this, and also the desirability of music lessons and greater importance of the study and practice of housekeeping, I have taken my daughters out of school at thirteen or fourteen years for one whole year. Discharging the help, we did the work together, thus familiarizing them with home duties. They acquired a liking for this work, while rushing through certain enforced duties before and after school has just the opposite effect. Sewing and music, a little visiting filled up the time profitably and pleasantly. One of the girls studied a little at home, but it was in an irregular way and really accomplished little more than to keep her mental machinery in running order.

My girls, I am sure, were not in any way losers by this interval of rest and change, and two have grown to be robust, healthy women, not in the least afflicted with those ailments so often the inheritance of girl graduates. The youngest, now just fourteen, is a capable housekepeer, not able merely to 'cook a meal of victuals,' but to keep house indefinitely, make her own underclothing and repair all ordinary cases of wear. Better even than that, only once in her life has she had a visit from a physician and is as nearly as possible a perfectly healthy animal. This fall, after the rest, she has begun school again only a little behind other girls of the same age in book knowledge and with a knowledge of other equally necessary things far beyond the most of her mates.

This is not a bad course to pursue with boys either. Many boys between thirteen and fifteen are idle and trifling in school. Put them at some manual labor for one or two years and they will appreciate the value of schooling and do better work in the succeeding years, often completing the course of study as early as those who have studied continuously.—Texan Mother, in 'Congregationalist.'

The Coffee Pot.

The care of the coffee-pot is one of the simple details of housekeeping that are neglected every day in nine-tenths of the homes throughout the land. It is the exception when the cook will empty the pot immediately after breakfast; instead, it usually goes on the back of the range for a possible cup for herself later in the day. Its contents simmer gently, and the last rank flavor is extracted from the berry. From this strong decoction a deposit is made upon the inside of the coffee-pot which almost defies removal, and which the next time fresh coffee is made, gives the unpleasant flavor that so tantalizes the housekeeper. The coffee purchased in the berry may be of the best, it may be perfectly browned, and great care taken that it is kept in air-tight receptacles to prevent evaporation of its own aroma or absorption of deleterious flavors, yet all this vigilance is useless if a coated coffee-pot is used. When the average cook finally attempts the cleaning of the coffee-pot that has stood on the range or around the kitchen for hours, holding the remnants of the breakfast coffee, she will probably plunge it into a pan full of greasy dish-water and wash it out with a far from clean dishcloth. Nothing but clear, fresh water and a cloth kept for the purpose or metal dishcloth should be used. One housekeeper who has grown weary of contending with her cooks, buys, on the first day of every month, a cheap new tin pot costing twenty cents, and sees that the old one is discarded when its successor arrives. The coffee is made daily in this and poured off into the table pot for serving.—N. Y. 'Weekly Post.'

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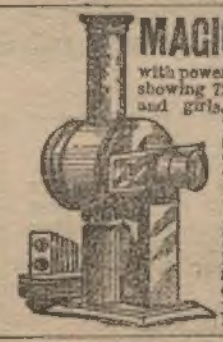

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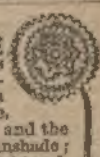

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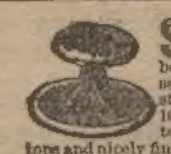

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